June 16, 1843

After much delay, we have departed from Fort Marcy. We started with a total of thirty two wagons with at least five departing back at nine miles. Our journey is to Old Franklin, some are heading to Boonville. We made camp before the narrow Glorieta Pass. It was almost dust when we arrived there. Camp wasn’t hard to pitch. After the moonlight took the skies the little ones were frightened. Coyotes were heard in the distance chasing and howling at a rabbit they found. This isn’t my first wagon journey, but my return home is crustal for the sake of my sick parents. Many of us sit by the fire with our rifles in our hands, telling stories from our adventures. We’re in Indian country now and if we did go thru the Pass our destination for the day would have been Pecos Ruins. There we would have been safe enough to hold off almost anything. Instead we are stunk here by this monstrous rock terrain. For some reason giving off an eerie feeling like when I was trapped at Raton Pass with other travelers. That was when that area was a common attack ground against wagon trains. Also where my brother was killed, god rests his soul. Tomorrow will bring great fortune hopefully. Word has spread that a storm is-a-brewing. Only god will tell if we pass by it.

By: Anthony C.